

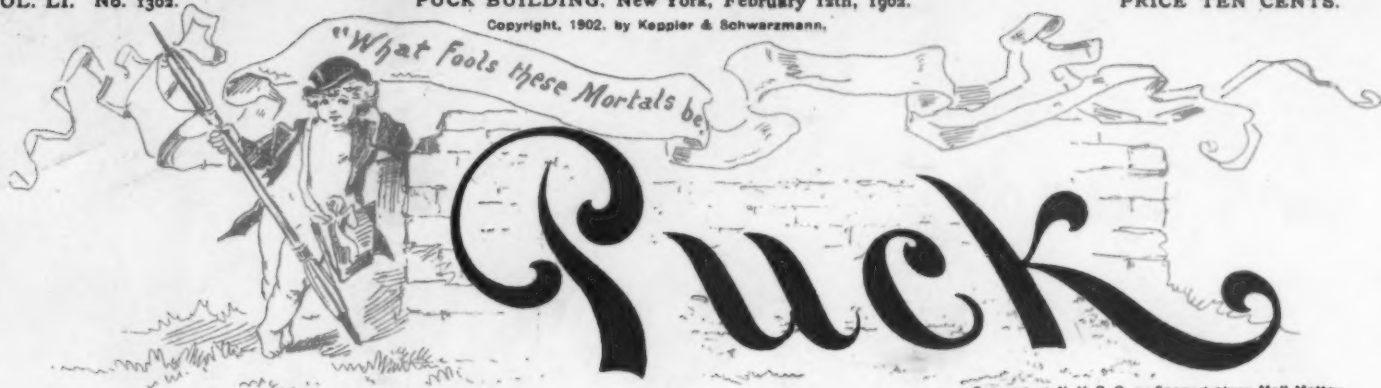
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UNCLE SAM'S VALENTINES.

UNCLE SAM. — I did n't know I had so many friends till I won that fight!



AN ENCOURAGING REMARK.

"If the boss came in I suppose he'd fire you."
 "Oh, I dunno! I heard him say to a man once that
 office boys will be office boys!"

A LOAN EXHIBITION.

THIS quiet frock, sans furbelow,
 Of sombre serge and cut severest,
 This hat whereon no blossoms blow, —
 This most extremely grave *chapeau*,
 Are things for Nell to wear the queerest.

This golden finger-helmet, too,
 This tiny, unaccustomed thimble,
 Is nearly every day on view
 With pretty patience pushing through
 A stubborn seam the needle nimble.

Quite in the forefront may be found,
 With silver mark and gilded edges,
 This dainty volume, velvet-bound,
 Wherein on leaves with corners round
 Are written rugged prayers and pledges.

This look so pensive, so demure,
 These down-dropt eyes, these lips unsmiling.

This mind that would the world abjure,
 This sudden pity for the poor
 Are temporary, but beguiling.

For, lo! This mask of piety,
 This Quaker garb, this deep contrition,
 To her are only *lent*, you see.
 The lot was merely meant to be
 For forty days on exhibition.

Jennie Betts Hartwick.

ANOTHER ANECDOTE OF KING COPHETUA.

They had been married two years.

"My dear," said the king, very gently, but as firmly as his
 nerve would permit, "there is nothing in the treasury but a deficit."

The queen's beautiful eyes flashed angrily.

"I don't care!" she said. "I must have a hat and some
 jewelry — and things! I have n't had any new diamonds to speak
 of since the coronation! People will think we can't afford any!"

"Dearest," said the king,
 "when I saw you first
 you had no jewels and
 no hat, but you were
 more beautiful!"

"More beautiful!"
 exclaimed the queen.
 "Then you think I'm
 growing *passée*!" And
 she sobbed violently.

Her tears, of course, would
 have passed the appropri-
 ation, but there really was n't
 any money in the treasury. All
 the salaries were in arrears and
 the office-holders were living
 on their perquisites.

"Darling," pleaded the
 king, "what can I do? We
 have the tariff up so high
 that it's keeping goods
 out; everybody says
 that the income-tax
 is over-worked; and
 the people
 threaten to revolt
 if I ask them to
 lick any more
 internal revenue
 stamps."

"W-W-What
 kind of a finan-
 cier are you, any-
 how?" sobbed Her
 Majesty. "Can't you
 issue some b-b-bonds?"

And Cophetua said
 that if she would only stop
 crying he would see about
 it at once.

Wm. E. McKenna.



A COMMON OCCURRENCE.

SHE. — Mr. Gotrox engaged? Why, he has
 been a widower only a very short time!
 HE. — Well, fools and their money are soon
 married!



AFTER A DISAPPOINTMENT.

AUNT HETTY.—Well, experience does teach us some purty hard lessons.

UNCLE JOSH.—Yes; but we don't seem to learn that it's no good wastin' time grumblin' about 'em.

THE MAGIC OF TIME.

"What a lot of rubbish! Utterly worthless, I should say."

"Now, of course. But I shall leave it to my son, and he to his son. In the day of my grandson, it will be bric-à-brac!"

And the junkman shrugged the shrug that is the badge of all his race.

NO GOLDEN OPPORTUNITIES NOW.

FIRST MESSENGER-BOY.—I tell yer, de superintendent uv dis concern should git lots uv credit; he wuz once a messenger-boy hisself.

SECOND MESSENGER-BOY.—Huh! Just t'ink! Why, at dat time dere must have bin lots uv real Injun fightin' goin' on in de West, an' dat lobster stuck ter dis business.

UNIFICATION.

"Sectional lines are vanishing! Soon there will be no North, no South, no East, no West!"

"Yes; I suppose it's only a question of time until they get up a corporation big enough to own the whole country."

*A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.



I.

THE FROG.—Whee—uh! That's the biggest frog I ever did see!!



II.

THE HIPPO.—Did yer speak to me?!!!

PUCK

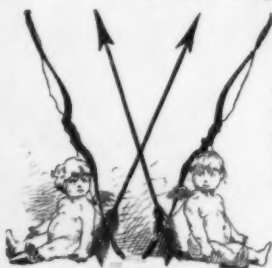


HIS NATURAL INQUIRY.

PAPA.—Undt dis leetle pig vent to der market —
LITTLE IKEY.—How mooch did he make?

THE DIVORCE EVIL.

From the Congressional (Washington, D. C.) Record and Intelligencer.



WE HAVE been requested to say a few words concerning the divorce evil, and inasmuch as we failed to get the printing of the delinquent tax list this year, owing to the machinations of a lot of scoundrels who placed same elsewhere for apparently no other reason than that they could get it done cheaper, we might as well devote some space in this issue to the aforesaid topic.

It appears that a divorce epidemic has recently been raging in our modest yet flourishing little village, and a list of the main participants in same is now before us. It also occurs to us that we may best put the subject before our readers by taking up a number of these cases severally and individually, which we shall accordingly do.

One of the first names that catches our editorial eye is that of Mehitable Higgins, who is suing Ahashuerus J. Higgins for an unconditional separation. Ah, yes! Mehitable is the girl who placed a card in a barrel of turnips which she was packing last Winter, said card being inscribed:

"This turnip was plucked by Mehitable Slack, Hookstown, Md. The finder may write to me."

The finder turned out to be the aforesaid Higgins, of Pohunk, Ill. Correspondence ensued, each using a polite letter-writer. Higgins saved up and came on, and the parties were married within two hours after they first laid eyes on each other. And yet Mehitable is suing Higgins for an unconditional divorce! Well! Well!

Then we have the case of Betsy Ann Bowker, who has so often and prominently figured in our "Poet's Corner" under the pen-name of K. Seville Woode. Alas, poor

Betsy! She fell a willing victim to the wiles of the distinguished-looking stranger who visited our little town last Spring in the interests of Perkins's Popular Cure for the Pip.

Said stranger was only in town, if we remember correctly, about thirty-six hours, yet this was evidently long enough for him to woo and win the coy Betsy, get possession of her little patrimony of



AN INQUIRY.

"Didst ever see such a bitter ballad? Why, sir, the Government has threatened to send the writer to jail!"

"Indeed! On account of the metre or the politics?"

PUCK

\$75.00 and disappear for parts unknown. And now Betsy is compelled to sue for a separation, one John Doe, alias Alphonzo de Axetogrind. Ah, Me!

Passing on to cage No. 3, we have the case of Uncle Bacchus Briggs. Uncle Bacchus's case is simply one of dum fool. We still have the "ad" he answered, and it read as follows:

"A refined young widow of 30, with \$20,000 in cash and property, desires a true and loving husband; all answered. Enclose stamp for a reply."

We recollect that Uncle Bacchus confided to us at the time that it was not the money he cared for, merely the refinement. The widow came on with \$14 of the \$20,000 in cash, and the rest in securities of the Lame Dog Smelting and Refining Co., of Okeepo, New South Wales.

She had kept her part of the contract, was accompanied by a large, able-bodied male relative, and it was up to Uncle Bacchus. And now the lady has gone afar-off with his silver-plated watch, and all of \$38.75 in money, and Uncle Bacchus is suing for a restoration of his maiden-name, without alimony.

The next episode on the docket is that of Susie Sanders.

Susie wrote to the author of that tender and sentimental ballad, "What Is Love? Ah! Would That I Knew!" a copy of which came in a box of soap purchased by her mother, stating what exquisite pleasure his composition had given her. He instantly responded with a gush epistle. Photographs were exchanged, he sending that of the younger Salvini, and she a composite of the four handsomest young women at the Anne Arundel County Annual Fair, of which quartet, by the way, Susie was not one.

The course of true love ran smoothly, and the day before that appointed for the wedding they gazed upon each other's lineaments for the first time. It was for both a rude awakening; but, as the thing appeared to be a stand-off, no reasonable objections could be advanced to the ceremony, which was accordingly pushed through. He never worked again; and now Susie, like many another woman, has decided that marriage to a genius is not a success.

We have a number of other instances before us, comprising marriages in balloons, railway trains, and through the agencies of soothsayers at so much per sooth, but the general results appear to be about the same. Now, when we were a young man, away back in the dear, dead, dim and distant past, things were conducted differently.

We remember one particular damsel, whose hair was glossier, whose eyes were brighter, and whose cheeks more closely resembled



THE HARDER WORK.

MRS. DASH.—Your clergyman complains that he is too hard-worked.

MRS. CRASH.—Hard-worked? He does n't know what hard work is! Humph;—you ought to see our progressive euchre club getting his salary together!

those of a prime Baldwin pippin, than the same respective items of any girl we knew. And when we had our hair slicked up with bear's grease, and our father's white vest on (unbeknownst to the old gentleman, of course) and were camping on her doorstep, it would have taken a yoke of purty husky steers to drag us far away from that immediate vicinity. We would have married her, too, but for one little word; just one little, insignificant word. She said, "No." Now, if she had said "Yes"—but we wander and are astray.

However, in those days when a young man married a girl he married her because he loved her, loved her hard enough to hurt. And when he took her and went out into the wide, wide world, with no stock in trade save his strong right arm and a shotgun to keep the varmints off, you can bet that their mutual affection was strong enough to hold them together longer than until the next general session of court.

No, brethren; marriage is mighty and it will prevail, but so long as you make a side-show attraction out of it, so long will you have the evils of divorce. In conclusion, we wish to state that we have in our possession a mighty fine bull-pup (our title and his pedigree guaranteed) which we will exchange for garden produce.

W. S. Adkins.



AN ADVANTAGE.

"It 's a wonder he would n't get an automobile!"

"Well; he says a zebra and an ostrich are not so apt to get out of order!"



VALENTINE.

MY LADY'S smile is sweeter and more bright
Than the gold flushing of a dawn in June,
Which wakes the lark to sing his gayest tune,
And balmy flowers to breathe a new delight.
My lady's beauty is a fairer sight
Than in a starlit sky the lovely moon;
Only before it language fails too soon,
Only my heart too keenly feels its might.
Yet Ocean's voice speaks in a little shell
To those who love its voice and listen well,
And a faint echo of this love of mine
May whisper in a little Valentine —
Would that it were a strain of Philomel,
So I might purchase me one smile of thine.

J. W. Myers.

A REAL BARGAIN.

MR. YOUNGTHING.—How in the world did you come to deposit that money in the bank instead of buying that automobile coat you wanted?

MRS. YOUNGTHING (*triumphantly*).—Why, I read in this morning's paper that the interest had been reduced from four per cent. to three!

NOT A STAYER.

FARMER DUNK.—You was raised out here in Shellback County, was n't ye?

CITY MAN.—Yes; but I did n't stay long after the raise.

NOTHING LESS than an automobile will satisfy some people, while we have seen others radiant in an automobile coat.



AN OBJECTION.

MR. HORNBILL.—My little girly has just named the day, old fellow, and I want you to be best man!

MR. COCKATOO.—Er—a—u'm! Delighted I 'm sure. Er—but—I say—will I have to kiss the bride?

JUST SO.

LITTLE CLARENCE (*who has an inquiring mind*).—Pa, what is the rest of the old saying, "People who live in glass-houses should not—" Should not do what?

MR. CALLIPERS.—Should not be glass-eaters, my son.



A NECESSARY CONSEQUENCE.

SHE.—I suppose it is hard to eliminate flattery from portrait painting.

THE ARTIST.—Yes; we 'd have to eliminate a good many of the sitters.

PUCK



PUCK

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

VALENTINES FROM OVERSEAS.

IT is a very pretty rivalry just now animating the European powers with reference to their friendship for us during our war with Spain. All Europe, apparently, was our protector. From Paris, St. Petersburg, Berlin, Vienna and London come daily avowals so positive that unbelief is vanquished;—at least official unbelief. Unofficially, it is to be feared, an impression will continue to prevail that there was a very certain degree of European prejudice against this country at the outbreak of hostilities; that the Powers, excepting England, might have gone the length of combining to exert upon us something more tangible than a merely moral influence; and that this prejudice was shattered only by the shells that wrought such havoc with the Spanish fleets at Manila and Santiago. Yet, official belief in these present expressions of past sympathy will rather become us. It is so much more graceful than incredulity and it can hardly hurt us. Moreover, as to Great Britain, it is a pleasure to believe that the avowals need not be privately discounted. That the British Government's attitude prevented a pro-Spanish coalition against us is pretty widely suspected; and gossip that she supplied us rather often with such literal sympathy as ammunition may be traced to a somewhat authoritative source. As we have said, it is pleasant to entertain this confidence in European friendliness, and the belief can hardly do us any harm;—providing we are thoughtful enough to keep up, meantime, a somewhat ostentatious target-practice on the high-seas.

"SUNDAY OPENING." EVERY CITIZEN of New York who is interested in the excise laws should study Puck's double-page cartoon in this number. We feel safe in saying that the raw facts of the situation could not be shown up more clearly. And yet we doubt if the picture will convince any great number of those who are opposing the legal opening of saloons on Sunday. Senator Platt will secretly chuckle over this cartoon. So will Senator Raines; so will Richard Croker; so will every politician at all familiar with conditions in this city. Yet they will doubtless rest secure in the knowledge that none are so blind as those who will not see; and, that by cunningly putting out conventional cant about "the sanctity of the American Sabbath" they may continue to fool the great body of honest people who are ruled by their emotions rather than by their reason. Senator Platt knows and Richard Croker knows that each of them has become a power in New York politics chiefly by virtue of the laws that forbid the sale of liquor on Sunday. Both of these astute leaders know that the political machines they have managed so ably would lose their driving-wheels the moment Sunday opening was legalized. Both know that the immense saloon vote will be lost if it be made impossible for the machine to demand blackmail of the saloon-keeper for doing an illegal business on Sunday. Every device they can employ, therefore, will be used to work up a sentiment against any liberalizing of the Sunday law. Their most effective plan, and one which they are carrying out very craftily, is to enlist the help of the guileless temperance folks. For this class is so earnest and so wondrously unsuspecting! We do not doubt, for example, that Senator Platt's pastor, who is strong against Sunday opening, actually believes Senator Platt to be sincere in warning him that a law permitting saloons to open on

Sunday would give the day over to unimaginable horrors of debauchery. Yet a very little knowledge of actual conditions would enable him to perceive that Senator Platt is an uncommonly bland old fox. By a little investigation and inquiry he could discover that every saloon in Greater New York, excepting those in districts where there is no trade on Sunday, has been wide open all of that day, not only for the last four years but for the last forty years—and since the memory of man runneth not. How any one of this class can really believe that any excise law has ever operated to close saloons one hour on Sunday when there was enough demand for their wares to pay the bartenders' wages is a phenomenon well nigh incredible. Yet it unquestionably exists.

We note in a recent issue of the *Sun* a characteristic letter from one of this class of persons. It is dated from the Union League Club of Brooklyn and is signed "J. W. H." "It is said," begins the writer, "that there are thirteen thousand saloons in Greater New York. Give these saloon-keepers the right to open their places on Sunday from 1 o'clock to 11 P. M. and it would practically make each one of those places a storm centre. . . . Some say that the police could keep order. Nonsense! There are not police enough in the city to keep order in thirteen thousand saloons, or even a respectable percentage of that number." Concerning the writer of this letter, two suppositions are permissible: 1st. It may have been written by a blind, deaf-and-dumb and paralytic inmate of the Home for Aged Indigent Females in Cranberry Street, Brooklyn. 2nd. It may have been written by a politician who knows that control of New York politics by the machine depends upon an excise law immunity from which may be sold to the thirteen thousand saloon-keepers, for their money and their influence over the eight or ten votes which each of them controls. Any other supposition would be absurd. The letter from which we quote is as if "J. W. H." of the Union League Club, Brooklyn, had written to the editor of the *Sun* saying that the operation of street-cars on Broadway would endanger the lives of thousands of citizens daily, and that the recent proposal to allow a corporation known as the Metropolitan Street Railway Company to run a line of electric cars on that thoroughfare should be stoutly opposed by every conscientious citizen.

The Reform administration is doing as well as could be expected. Yet, denounced by one element for not enforcing the excise law and by the other for enforcing it too rigidly, there is every prospect that it will be repudiated at the next election. Tammany's system, after all, is perhaps the ideal one for this city, since it seems to be the one that comes nearest to satisfying both elements. The letter-writing temperance people have just endured four years of Tammany's wide-open Sunday without any outbreak; and the other element assuredly never had any fault to find.

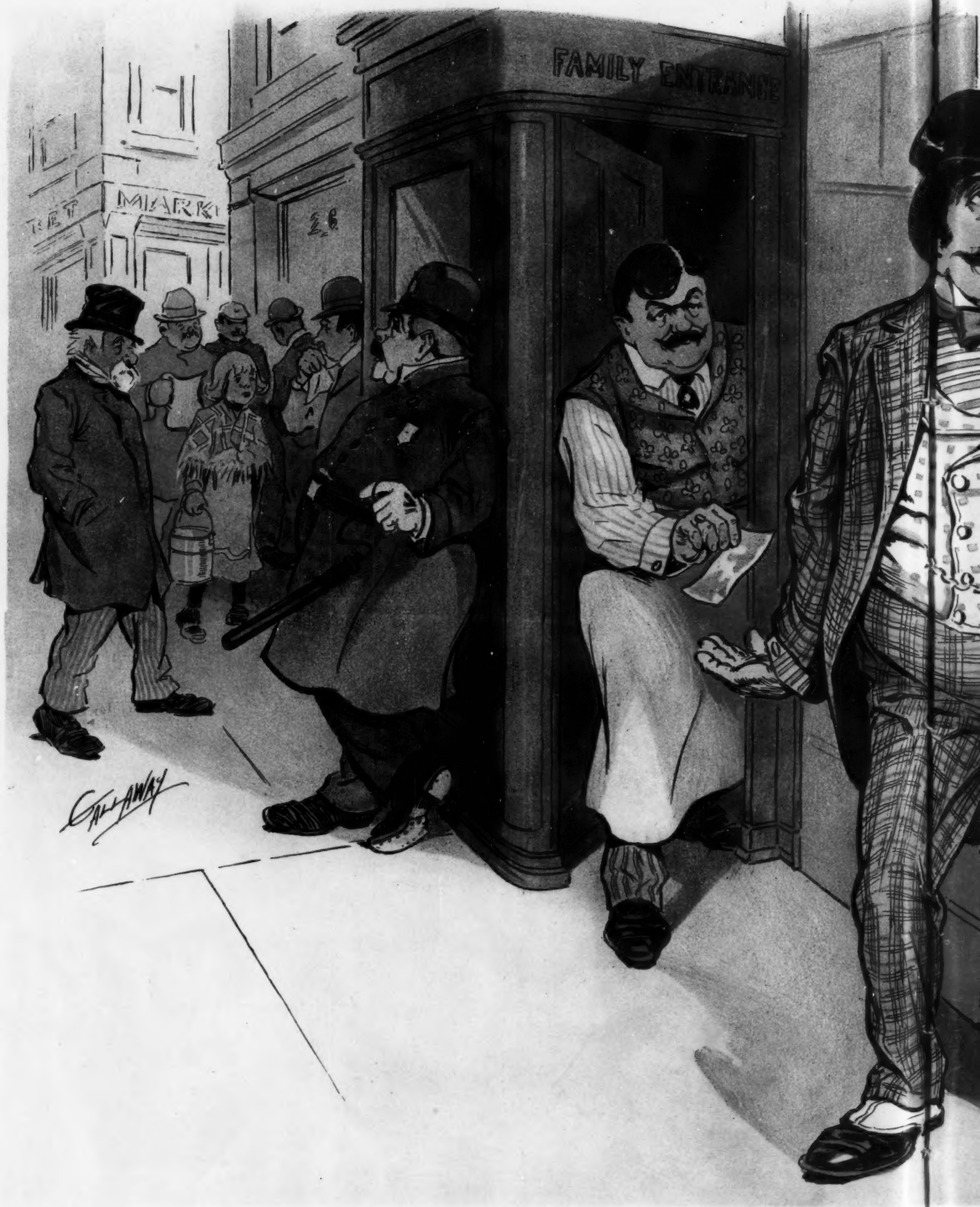


THE LANDLUBBER'S VIEW.

"And I told him we called it the foretopgallantsail, but he thought that was a big mistake."

"He did? Them landlubbers has queer notions!"

"Yes; he said we ought to call it something short in case we wanted to reef it in a hurry."



THE POLITICIAN AND
POLITICIAN (to Temperance Element).—You're right! The sancti



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

CIAN AND HIS DUPES.

right! The sanctity of the American Sabbath must be preserved!



HEROIC.

GLADYS.—Why did she ever marry him?
 ETHEL.—Oh! He said he could n't live without her!
 GLADYS.—Well, she ought to get a medal for life-saving.

PIMPKINS'S PURPLE SWEATER.



PIMPKINS WAS ONE of those fellows who would rather own a three-cent pup with a deathless voice than to have the love of his neighbors. I mention this merely to show what kind of a man it takes to buy a purple sweater. That's what Pimpkins did. No gentleman ever would wear a purple sweater anywhere except to the gallows. The only thing Pimpkins had in common with a thoroughbred, though, was that when he ate, he ate food.

Pimpkins bought the purple sweater to go fishing in. The fish noticed the garment and thought he was only a poster man. They bit so fearlessly and Pimpkins caught so many of them that he had to rest nine times at places of public refreshment on the way home. He arrived in town with an awful load of fish, etc. When he reached his street the purple sweater enveloped Pimpkins in a weird and horrible glare. Pimpkins's whiskers were pink. The purple sweater and the pink whiskers would have held up a party of train robbers. Pimpkins himself saw everything in a roseate hue—till his wife met him at the door. She had noted his gait as he was in process of tacking across the street. His steps were fancy, and reminded one of the dignified endeavors of a man in a trolley-car who is trying to maintain his equilibrium and avoid feet while the motorman is doing the Jerktown Boo-la act with the car.

The glare of Pimpkins's purple sweater was n't a circumstance to the glare on his wife's face. She was a Boston girl. She had married Pimpkins only because somebody in the family had to know it all and he could n't. There was a psychological collision on the Pimpkins door-step. Mrs. Pimpkins abhorred purple; also fishing-trips; also Pimpkins. She decided not to recognize him.

With this principle of action firmly fixed in her mind she concentrated her antarctic gaze upon him.

The look froze him.
 Pimpkins was metamorphosed into a glacier. An idiotic, disconcerted grin was stamped upon his icebound features.
 The purple sweater came near turning blue with the cold.
 There was a crash, as Pimpkins's lifeless form fell off the door-step. Pimpkins's cur howled all night on the spot of the tragedy. Next day it tried to eat the purple sweater and choked to death.
 Pimpkins's funeral was private. But it was whispered that Pimpkins, his purple sweater, and his unpopular puppy were buried in the same grave.
 The neighbors always cheer Pimpkins's widow when she passes down the street.

Fred. Ladd.

HIS ALLEGED OPINION.

"He has quite an opinion of his skating, has n't he?"

"I should say so! He thinks no cold spell would be complete without him!"



A BAD CASE.

HE.—Miss Wadsworth is rather man-nish, is n't she?

SHE.—Exceedingly! Why, she'd rather pay two cents more for an article than go into a department store to buy it.

NO MAN is always right; and no man, at least no unmarried man, is always wrong.



MISTAKEN FOR A DIVINE HEALER.

HIRAM.—I thought yew wuz n't a-goin' tew git yer hair cut till Bill Bryan wuz elected President?

JASON.—So did I! But, by Gum! When a henpecked-lookin' feller walked up tew me 'bout an hour ago an' asked me tew cure him uv cold feet by the layin' on uv my hands, I bolted fer the nearest barber shop!

PUCK

THE END OF THE WAR

(as it looks sometimes.)



TEN sturdy burghers standing in a line;
French's column captured one; then there were
nine.
Nine sturdy burghers, reckless of their fate,
Organized a little raid; then there were eight.
Eight sturdy burghers—no hope under
Heaven—
Tried to storm a blockhouse; then there were
seven.

Seven sturdy burghers played some little tricks
On a British armored train; then there were six.
Six sturdy burghers now remained alive;
Brilliant British strategy soon made them five.
Five sturdy burghers—not a burgher more—
Tried to capture Kitchener; then there were four.
Four sturdy burghers, chipper as could be,
Would n't hear of terms of peace; soon there were three.
Three sturdy burghers—a cordon to cut through—
Sure enough, they did it, but then there were two.
Two sturdy burghers had a little fun
With a troop of Yeomanry; then there was one.
Then the British Army bagged the Only One—
And he was planning raids and traps until they got his gun!

Wm. E. McKenna.



A THEORY.

"But the shipbuilders are said to be very busy. Why should they want a subsidy?"

"Well, perhaps they feel that if they had more money they would n't need to work so hard."

DOING WELL.

FRIEND.—Then your grand opera season was fairly successful?

THE IMPRESSARIO.—Oh, yes! We made enough money to pay everything except the salaries.

"As to this tiff with Germany," observed the President of Venezuela, in a leisure moment between insurrections, "we shall be lucky if it does not result in a biff!"



THE DOG'S OBSERVATION.

"Ha! Ha! Practice makes some folks perfect in profanity!"

SADIE'S VIEWS.

"I wish I was old enough to go to work, like me sister Sadie."

"How does she like it?"

"Well, she says it's all right bein' old enough if yer did n't have to go!"

IN CHICAGO.

FIRST CITIZEN.—I've got a scheme to make money if you have nerve enough to go into it.

SECOND CITIZEN.—What is it?

FIRST CITIZEN.—Let's go out and hold up some of the footpads.

NO TIME FOR WAR.

"War!" shrieked the yellow journalist, aghast. "Impossible! Why, all the best reporters are busy and will be busy for years, reporting the President's children!"

HIS RAIMENT.

Why Cupid's always shown undressed
Is plain to those who scan;
His suit is always being pressed,
His Derby's with Joan.

His spats are with the maid or youth,
His ties are in the church;
And when he gets the mitt,
forsooth,
He then is in the lurch.



AN OPINION.

"So the President says that Reciprocity must be treated as the handmaiden of Protection."

"Well, I guess the Protectionists will try to see that the handmaiden is n't overworked."

AN EXPLANATION.

"What does it mean by saying that a war correspondent must be ubiquitous?"

"Why, it means that he must say he was on the spot whether he was or was not."

It is plain that Necessity, when it takes the form of Thirst, knows no Sunday-closing law.

It is quite apparent that the infant industries were born with silver spoons in their mouths.

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

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Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor. 23d St. Only Salesroom in Greater New York.



THE KEYSTONE OF A COCKTAIL IS ITS BITTERS

THE MIXER of a good Cocktail should always use

WHITE'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS

MADE IN CURAÇOA

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—Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

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AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS.



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That's The Label

that ought to be on your Cravat.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit Cured without inconvenience or detention from business. Write **THE DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO.** Dept. 1. 1. Lebanon, Ohio.

PATIENCE.—I hear women refer to some women as stout and some as fat; where do they draw the line?
PATRICE.—Why, if the woman in question is a friend, she's stout; if she used to be a friend, she's fat. —*Yonkers Statesman.*

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WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO., Baltimore, Md.

DECIDED TO STAY.

"Oh! George, what do you think happened to-day?"
"Did you find a twenty-dollar gold piece?"
"Better than that! Our new cook has sent for her trunk!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

PEOPLE won't pay you for talking calamity, so you might as well ring off.—*Atchison Globe.*

A MAN who is seven feet ten and three-quarter inches tall and still growing, writes to know what will make him short. Try matrimony.—*Norristown Herald.*



A FORMIDABLE FOE.

"The housekeeper thought she heard burglars and she seized a frying-pan —"
"Peculiar weapon!"
"Well, she would have made it hot for them!"

Fortify yourself against sickness by keeping the stomach in good shape with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists and grocers.

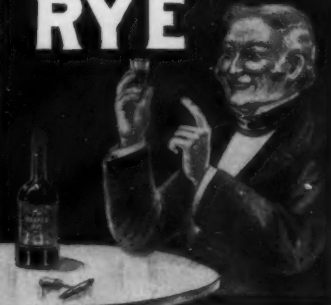
A dozen raw with a bottle of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne is an after-theater thought.

THE TYRANT OF THE SKYSCRAPER.

"Gracious! Are you going to walk all the way up to your office?"
"Yes. I'm afraid of the elevator boy."
"What's the trouble?"
"A dollar was all I could afford to give him on Christmas Day, and now I hate to meet his eye."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

YEAST.—I see a Philadelphia composer has written a quickstep.
CRIMSONBEAK.—Yes; and I hear they are using it in Chicago for a funeral march.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

HARPER RYE



WARMS THE HEART

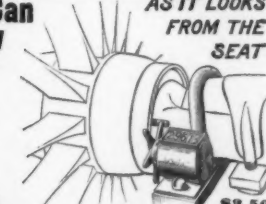
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A MAN has no more show in an argument when his wife and daughters are against him, than a deaf man has at the telephone.—*Atchison Globe*.

MRS. CRIMSONBEAK.—And you say she's an unreasonable woman?

MR. CRIMSONBEAK.—Is she? Why, if she went down to the Stock Exchange she'd expect some of the men to get up and give her their fifty-thousand-dollar seats!—*Yonkers Statesman*.

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won't buy it—but we will send free to any address our wonderful

"Changing Face" Puzzle.

At the Pan-American Exhibition, this puzzle was pronounced one of the "Biggest Hits" of the Exhibition, and has carried no end of fun to thousands of homes, and set whole villages asking, "How is it done?"

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"I saw a face puzzle of yours to-day, and I want one or two. Puzzle is no name for it. A traveling man who had the one shown me to-day kept the store full of people puzzled all the afternoon."

"I have used your soap for years. Please send me two of your moving faces for enclosed two 2c. stamps. They are immense. I want them for my two little shavers."

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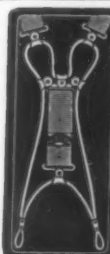
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A MAN politician is bad enough, but heaven save us from a woman politician.—*Washington Democrat*.

WHEN a preacher gets so that he can scold his congregation as fiercely as a man scolds his wife, he is in training to become an evangelist.—*Atchison Globe*.

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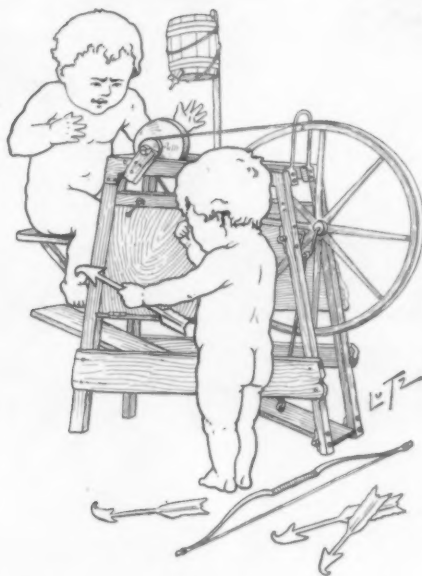
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Goodness of Liberty trade-mark ace on every pack.

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SCISSORS-GRINDER.—What's the trouble, Master Cupid?
CUPID.—Boston girl; that's all!

When you are sickly and weak you fall behind in the race of life. Keep in front by using Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists.

YEAST.—Did you send anything to the donation party?

CRIMSONBEAK.—Yes; sent my regrets.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

THE surplus church in the community will always be a sheep-stealing church.—*Ram's Horn*.

SOME men seem to have nothing to do but just to stand around waiting for street parades.—*Washington Democrat*.

CHEW BEEMAN'S

The Original
Pepsin Gum
Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.
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1 lb. box finest selected \$.80
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C. F. GUNTHER, 215, State Street, Chicago, Ill.

Many of the "400" will rendezvous in California this winter. Best train for best travelers is The California Limited, via the Santa Fe.

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The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at these
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NOTHING NEW.

There 's nothing new in politics,
There 's nothing new in art;
The Chinese say they knew it all
Before we got a start.

And men who view the pyramids
And travel at their ease
Declare that the Egyptians were
Ahead of the Chinese.

Each little jest that one essays,
Each passing verbal trick,
Is very likely to be found
On some Assyrian brick.

But why pursue the doleful theme,
Since no relief we view?
There 's nothing new in telling men
That there is nothing new.

— *Washington Star.*

It sometimes happens that when a
man fails in doing anything else well,
he marries well. — *Atchison Globe.*

EVANS' ALE and STOUT

can now be had in

"Splits"

containing $\frac{1}{2}$ pint,
in addition to the regular full pint also.

A SMALL BOTTLE
FOR A SHORT DRINK

Order from your dealer or write to
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The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Co. has issued a beautiful Calendar in six sheets 12x14 inches, each sheet having a ten color picture of a popular actress — reproductions of water colors by Leon Moran. The original paintings are owned by and the Calendars are issued under the Railway Company's copyright. A limited edition will be sold at 25 cents per calendar of six sheets. Will be mailed on receipt of price.

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We 've toasted all kinds of game;
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Drink one to our Nation's name."

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NOT SUFFICIENT EVIDENCE.

"You think that I, ze chef, do not know my beezness?"

"Faith, I dunno! I 'm not thot sure a mon knows iverything about cookin' jist because he 's Frinch!"

GOLD MEDAL AT PAN-AMERICAN EXPO-SITION. Dr. Siegel's Imported Angostura Bitters. The only Genuine. Avoid domestic substitutes.

THERE is nothing to some men but an air of mystery. — *Washington Democrat.*

PROVED.

STRAWBER. — Monkton says he followed your advice about speculating, and lost four-thousand dollars by it.

SINGERLY. — Did he? Well, I always knew he was a chump. — *Detroit Free Press.*

WHEN an old work-horse is given a holiday, he spends it chiefly in looking lonesome. — *Atchison Globe.*

THE prospectus of the Carnegie Institution says nothing about special instruction in the art of dying poor. — *Philadelphia Ledger.*

IT GIVES us pleasure to announce that Mr. John L. Sullivan, the eminent authority on liquid food, has been engaged to conduct the "Over the Hiccoughs" department of the forthcoming *Gentlemen's Home Magazine*. — *Washington Post.*

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SHORT SIXES

They will delight all sorts and conditions of readers. — *Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

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Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile. — *N. Y. S. Bulletin.*

MORE SHORT SIXES

You smile over their delicious absurdities, perhaps, but never roar because they are "awfully funny." — *Boston Times.*

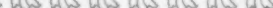
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